



*Life's but a Walking Shadow, a poor Player, that struts and
 treads his Hour upon the Stage, and then is heard no more.
 Hamlet's soliloquy.*



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 treads his Hour upon the Stage, and then is heard no more.
 Hamlet's soliloquy.*

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Gentlemen and Ladies,

IT would be ungrateful as well as unpardonable in Me, not to acknowledge, on this Occasion, the Favours I have received from You. I shall make no Apology for the following Pieces, but only repeat what I observ'd in my Proposals, that they are the Product of some Great Genius's of the Age, which occasionally have come into my Hands ; if they give any Pleasure, I have gain'd

A

my

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DEDICATION.

my Point, and shall take all
future Opportunities of testify-
ing how much I am,

Gentlemen and Ladies,

Your most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant,

Jos. Yarrow.



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who is willing to bind	Mrs. <i>Warwick</i>
for Gentlemen and	Mrs. <i>Wombwell</i>
Ladies, either at home	Mrs. <i>Weddell</i>
or abroad, after the best	Mrs. <i>Worsley</i> .
& compleatest Manner	





*A Prologue to the Careless Husband,
written by a Person of Quality, and
Spoke by Mr. Yarrow.*

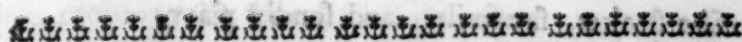


ADIES, I'm come, if not en-
gag'd elsewhere,
To invite you to an Entertain-
ment here ;
To Night our Poet Laureat
makes a Feast,
And hopes each Dish is sea-
son'd to your Taste :

Substantial Sense you'll find as you could wish,
And Sprigs of Wit to garnish ev'ry Dish ;
A Careless Husband on the Board we lay,
But that's a Common Dish, perhaps, you'll say ;
The next less common is an Easy Wife,
A Spare-Rib, seldom known in modern Life.
Then for the Dishes on the Side, we set,
A flutt'ring Coxcomb, and a false Coquet.
Our Fop shall be a Fricacy complet,
'Twas dress'd at *Paris* from the last Receipt.

And sure that Dish must please an *English* Nation,
 Where *Paris* Cooks so long have been the Fashion,
 A Dame Antique of Fifty and above,
 Whose feeble Pulse still beats a March of Love,
 We set before you next : But this Cold Pye
 A little mouldy's grown with standing by ;
 Yet she Herself will tell you to her Praise,
 That she had Offers in her younger Days.
 Nor is this all, We have, besides, an other Cover,
 A soft, obedient, sighing, silly Lover,
 Who best his Mistress loves when worst she treats him,
 As fawns her Lap-dog most, when most she beats him.
 But hold, not yet I've told you all,
 We have besides a pickled *Abigail*,
 Who serves her Mistress, and, O sad Disaster !
 Will undertake more Work, and serve her Master,
 Like other pickled Things aside she's set,
 Against her Master wants to pick a Bit.
 Thus of the Entertainment of to Day,
 A Bill of Fare before you all we lay ;
 And hope the Critick, if such be our Guest,
 Only to take of what he likes the best,
 And not to rail at what he does not taste.
 Criticks polite perhaps may like a Pye,
 Which season'd is for his low Taste too high :
 Prepare your Stomachs for the Feast we bring ;
 The Cloth is laid, the Bell just going to ring.





The LAP-DOG.

WHile *Veny* skips on *Delia's* Knee,
 I wishing view, with Pain I see;
 The little Favourite still enjoys
 A Bliss it knows not how to prize.
 The greatest Favour it receives,
 The greatest Pleasure which it gives,
 To dance upon her Lap is all,
 Or snatch a Kiss, or wag it's Tail.
 Oh! might I change (with *Veny*) Place,
 Ah! *Delia*! how 'twou'd change the Case!
 Instead of Fawning, or of Dance,
 I'd act thee o'er a Lover's Trance;
 With ravish'd Arms, I'd gird thy Waist,
 And sigh, and murmur on thy Breast;
 In softest Vows, I'd tell thee all
 Th' ardent Wishes of my Soul.
 But you deny; I must not be
 (Ah, *Veny*!) half so blest as thee.
 If *Jove* was to descend again
 In Showers of Gold, 'twould be in vain,
 A *Veny's* Form the God must take,
 To make his Happiness compleat.
Veny's the happiest Creature grown,
 And has the greatest Favours shown.
 See with what Pleasure and what Care,
Delia does comb her *Veny's* Hair;

She strokes, she smiles, and fondly plays,
 And sports with *Veny* twenty ways.
 Heav'ns ! what a wondrous Paradise
 That little, silly Thing enjoys.
 How does it fret my Soul to see
Delia possess'd alone by thee.
Jove ! grant me but what now I wish,
 I'll ask no more, no greater Bliss.
 Give me a Spell, a potent Charm,
 To turn my self to *Veny's* Form !
 In the most pleasant, wanton Play,
 On *Delia's* Lap I'd spend the Day.
 But when the Dusk o' th' Evening Shade,
 Has call'd her to her downy Bed ;
 Then let me on her Bosom burn,
 And back unto my self return.

THE END OF THE FIRST PART OF THE

Advice to VARIO the Painter, after the Battle of Blenheim; wrote by a Prisoner in Ludgate.

VARIO, no more thy sacred Skill profane,
 To show how fabled Gods with Giants fought ;
 Giants, who owe their Actions to thy Brain,
 And Gods, who were no Gods, 'till by thy Pencil
 wrought.

Vario,

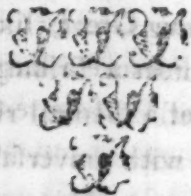
Vario, prophane thy sacred Skill no more,
 Lest We those Gods for being Thine adore.
 Truth only claims the Name of History,
 Worth our Regard, or to be done by Thee :
 Such mighty Truths as *Blenheim's* Pains relate,
 Or *Danube's* Billows to the Ocean told :
 When stain'd with *Gallick* and *Bavarian* Blood they
 roll'd ;
 Hasten, draw a Copy like the Action great.
 First a dark Scene shot thro' with Light'ning draw,
 Let Clouds of Dust th' encount'ring Armies screen,
 As if Heav'n unwillingly the Slaughter saw,
 Tho' Bloody Man was fearless to be seen.
 Next, afar off, like the Horizon Wan,
 Let little *Gauls* and small *Bavarians* fly ;
 Then draw their General the Minute'st Man,
 And make him seem to vanish in the Sky.
 Next, Let the valiant *CUTS* in Pomp appear,
 With blood of hardy Foes his Arms besmear ;
 Let Him from Victory unhurt return,
 Yet let him seem the Want of Enemies to Mourn.
 But *Vario*, paint the glorious *MARLBROUGH* now,
 Paint Bravery in his Eyes, and Conquest on his Brow.
 Paint Him like *Pompey* Great, like *Cæsar* Brave,
 Let Him amidst his Foes a Triumph have,
 And in his Chariot let a Gen'ral ride his Slave.
 Paint this, and then with universal Voice,
 We'll praise the Nation's Hero, and the Monarch's
 Choice.

Wrote



*Wrote Extempore, by my Worthby Friend,
Mr. Grunwin, after seeing the Fair
Penitent.*

THE Gods with Friendship seldom Mortals bless,
That sacred Good in Fancy we possess;
Our easy Faith false Friends with Oaths beguile,
When Fortune frowns, the Perjur'd cease to smile;
The Good and Wretched, Men nor Gods defend,
But poorly fawn, and still the Rich commend.
Thus, when the Audience bids the Play begin,
And the last Flourish calls the Actors in;
With tender Words, and with dissembling Art,
This plays a Lover's, that a Father's Part.
The aged Sire with forc'd Paternal Care,
Affects his Son as He pursues the Fair.
But when at length the unctious Lamps expire,
And the Spectators from the Play retire,
Each to his natural Inclination turns,
The Father doats not, nor the Lover burns,



Prologue

*Prologue to the Beaux Stratagem, spoke
by Mr. Yarrow, in the Character
of Archer.*

WE to this Place, where once we came of old,
On Foot, on Horseback, or — in Carts have
strol'd,

With gen'rous Pity, view your tatter'd Race,
Lace on their Backs, and Famine in their Face ;
To gain your Smiles with Comic Scenes we try,
'Tis wholesomer to laugh than 'tis to cry ;
Pleas'd if our Play your Fancy entertains,
Since that alone can recompence our Pains.
We aim to please in Characters but low,
A finish'd Rake, and Fortune-hunting Beau ;
A Pair unhappy, parted by Consent,
And freed without an Act of Parliament.

The Times are hard, it cannot be deny'd,
My Wife's Tea Equipage must be supply'd ;
Her clean Chince Gown she must on *Sundays* wear,
Tho' all her squawling Children live on Air.
Howe'er we will not make a large Demand,
A Brace of Hogs will do from either Hand,
This little Sum we hope you'll freely pay,
Or else—what else—what was I going to say ?
Why else—we'll bilk your Town, and run away.

}
Bat

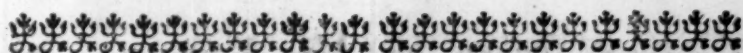
But hold ! — Faith I was almost run a-ground,
 Than this, a better *Stratagem* I've found :
 Be kind each Night, each honest Score we'll quit,
 And give for *Sterling Money, Sterling Wit.*



*Prologue spoken by Mr. Yarrow, at
 the Opening of the New Theatre at
 Lincoln.*

Players and Poets ever were design'd,
 Both to Divert and to Improve the Mind ;
 That Man, by seeing Virtue plac'd to View,
 Might the rude Passions of his Soul subdue ?
 And Vice, when in a proper Light display'd,
 Will teach us to despise and shun what's bad.
 In ev'ry Age, for Liberal Arts renown'd,
 The Stage with Praises and Success was crown'd.
 At *Rome* and *Greece* their Theatres were great,
 With lofty Pillars built in pompous State.
 At *London* there the Grandeur charms the Sight,
 And all around conspires to give Delight.
 Our Theatre, 'tis true, with theirs can't vie,
 So hope you'll view it with the kindest Eye.
 As for our selves, with humble Hearts we bow,
 Your Favour beg, and for your Presence sue ;
 'Tis you alone can Joy and Pleasure give,
 Our Fears disperse, and bid our Hopes revive ;

For in your Absence ev'ry Heart decays,
 Like Flowers abandon'd by the Sun's bright Rays,
 Already your kind Bounty we have found,
 For which our grateful Souls with Thanks abound;
 And hope that now you'll not our Suit disdain,
 But show'r your Blessings on us once again.



*On the Duke of Marlborough's Four
 Daughters.*

HOW many Graces are there? *Colin* cry'd,
 Three—Why d'ye ask it? *Lycidas* reply'd,
 How many Graces should there be?
 I'm sure, cries *Colin*, There are more than Three.
 Ten Pieces on't — Says *Lycidas*, 'Tis done.
 In Haste to *Marlborough* House they run,
 There *Venus* and the Graces stand,
 Drawn by some *Roman* Master's Hand.
 But the Fair Daughters whom fam'd *Kneller* drew,
 Happening to be first in View;
 As soon as *Colin* op'd the Door,
 I've lost, says *Lycidas*, I see there's Four.





*By a Gentleman, whose Misfortune it
was, to lose his only Daughter by
the Small-Pox, at five Years of Age.*

O H! lead me where my Darling lies,
Cold as the Marble Stone;
I will recal Her with my Cries,
And wake Her with my Moan.

Come from thy Bed of Clay, my Dear,
See where thy Father stands;
His Soul He sheds out Tear by Tear,
And wrings his wretched Hands.

But, oh! alas, thou can'st not rise,
Alas! thou can'st not hear;
Or at thy dear lov'd Father's Cries,
Thou surely wou'd'st appear.

Since then, my Love, my Soul's Delight,
Thou can'st not come to Me;
Rather than live without thy Sight,
I'll dig my Way to Thee.





On a Rigid Parent.

Here lyeth Inhum'd,
Under this Stone,
A Man, whose Children
May be glad He's gone ;
If to Heav'n or Hell,
They need not much heed,
Since from Hell upon Earth
By his Death they are freed.



*Epitaph on Theo. Cave, Esq, in the
Chancel at Barrow upon Stowre.*

Here in this Grave,
There lies a *Cave* ;
We call a *Cave* a *Grave* ;
If *Cave* be *Grave*, and *Grave* be *Cave*,
Then, Reader, judge, I crave,
Whether does *Cave* here lie in *Grave*,
Or *Grave* here lie in *Cave* ?
If *Cave* and *Grave* here buried lie,
Then, *Grave*, where is thy *Victory* ?
Go, Reader, and report, Here lies a *Cave*,
Who conquers Death, and buries his own *Grave*.

CAVE, Ave in Aeternitatem.



*Epitaph on Mr. Thomas Elrington, who
died July 22, 1732.*

DUBLIN, thy own Dear Joy and Grief, lies
Here,

A Gen'ral Play'r, not Particular ;
Death shews how far Nature surpasses Art,
For once He play'd, but now He is his Part ;
Life is a Stage, the different Cues are cast,
The *Grave's* the Green Room, where all meet at last.



An EPITAPH.

IF the Innocent are Favourites of Heav'n,
And God but little asks, where little's giv'n :
My Great Creator has for me in Store,
Eternal Joys ; what wise Man can have more ?



By the same Hand.

DEath soonest comes
When least of all its fear'd ;
As Lightning kills
Before the Thunder's heard.

On the Death of Mrs. Oldfield.

Fashion'd alike, by Nature and by Art,
To please, engage, and interest every Heart ;
In publick Life, by all who saw approv'd,
In private Life, by all who knew her lov'd.



Another.

OLD FIELD lies here, retir'd, undrest,
The Curtain drawn, her Part is done ;
Ye that remain to act your best,
Must also make your Exit soon :
How happy then, if worthy Praise,
You can such lasting Plaudits raise.



*In Memory of William Lamb, on a
Brass Plate fix'd on a Pillar in St.
Augustine's Church, are several
Poems, which conclude thus :*

O Lamb of God, which Sin didst take away,
And, as a Lamb, was offer'd up for Sin,
Where I, poor *Lamb*, went from thy Flock astray,
Yet thou, O Lord, vouchsafe thy *Lamb* to win
Home to thy Flock, and hold thy *Lamb* therein.
That

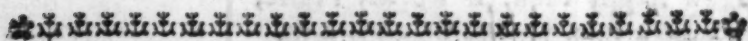
That at the Day when Lambs and Goats shall sever,
Of thy choice Lambs, *Lamb* may be one for ever.



E P I G R A M.

KInd *Katherine* kiss'd her Husband with these
Words,

Mine own sweet Will, how dearly I love thee !
If true, quoth *Will*, the World none such affords ;
And that 'tis true, I dare her Warrant be ;
For ne'er was Woman yet, or Good, or Ill,
But loved always best her own *Sweet Will*.



An E P I T A P H.

TIME stays for no Man,
Death no Man will spare ;

Prepare for Death in Time ;

Be this thy Care :

For Death will come,

And Time will have an End ;

Therefore in Time serve God,

And Death's your Friend.



*Epitaph on Mrs. Margaret Paston, of
Barningham, in Norfolk.*

SO fair, so young, so innocent, so sweet,
So ripe a Judgment, and so rare a Wit,
Require at least, an Age, in one to meet.
In her they met ; but long they could not stay,
'Twas Gold too fine, to fix without Allay ;
Heav'n's Image was in Her so well express'd,
Her very Sight upbraided all the rest :
Too justly ravish'd from an Age like this,
Now she is gone, the World is of a Piece.

Epitaph on a Cobler.

DEATH at a Cobler's Door oft made a Stand,
And always found him on the mending Hand ;
At last came Death in very dirty Weather,
And ript the Sole from off the upper Leather.
Death put a Trick upon Him, and what was't ?
The Cobler call'd for's Awl, Death brought his Last.

On the Death of Mr. Wilks.

IN softest Strains, *Parnassian* Virgins mourn,
Sprinkle with Tears great *Wilks's* awful Urn,
Oh ! thou Dread *Phœbus*, bend thy Lawrel'd Head,
And view, alas ! thy Favourite *Roscius* laid,
With gloomy Pomp, in his eternal Bed.

Silence,

That Soul of Science, that unbounded Mind !
 That Genius which exalted Human Kind !
 Confest Supreme of Men ! his Country's Pride !
 And half esteem'd an Angel——'till He dy'd :
 Who in the Eye of Heav'n like *Enoch* stood,
 And thro' the Paths of Knowledge walk'd with God,
 Who made his Fame, a Sea without a Shore,
 And but forsook one World, to know the Laws of
 more.

Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

MORE than his Name were less——'twou'd
 seem to fear,

He who increas'd Heav'n's Fame, cou'd want it here ;
 Yet, when the Suns he lighted up, shall fade,
 And all the Worlds he found, are first decay'd ;
 Then void, and waste, Eternity shall lie,
 And Time and *Newton's* Name together die.

Epitaph on a Blacksmith.

MY Sledge and Hammer lie declin'd,
 My Bellows have quite lost their Wind ;
 My Fire's extinct, my Forge decay'd,
 My Vice is in the Dust all laid ;
 My Coal is spent, my Iron gone,
 My Nails are drove, my Work is done.
 My Fire-dry'd Corps lies here at Rest,
 My Soul, Smoak like, is soaring to be blest.

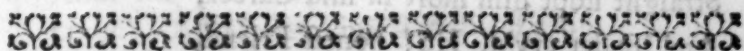
Epitaph on a Lady's Lap-Dog.

REader, if thou can'st read at all, thou'lt find
 Here lies the fairest of the speechless Kind ;
 Descended from an antient noble Race,
 Of Ladies Lap-Dogs in their Ladies Grace.
 Miss *Abigail* (that was the Lady's Name)
 From Nature's Hand receiv'd a comely Frame ;
 Long Ears, bright Eyes, a short and dimpled Nose, }
 A Robe of Ermin, spotted Silken Hose, }
 With all that Beauty on a Dog bestows.
 Her acting Principle, think what you please on,
 At least 'twas next to — if it was not — Reason.
 Whether her Soul belong'd to Man, or Beast,
 Let others with *Pythagoras* contest ;
 This I'll affirm ; were all dumb Brutes like her,
 To most that talk, the silent I'd prefer.
 Was she, because she never spoke, a Brute ?
 How many wou'd appear less such, if mute ?
 Brute as she was, her Actions yet were such,
 As to most Men must be a warm Reproach.
 No Trust she e're betray'd, no Friend forgot,
 Nor fawn'd on Persons, when she lik'd them not.
 Choice made her live twelve Moons twice told a Maid,
 Obedience made her change her State, and wed.
 Then, *Phoenix* like, she yields her latest Breath,
 To make way for her second Self by Death.
 Who but must weep the Loss of *Abigail*,
 That for her Species Sake thus greatly fell.

*The WISH, to a young Lady on her
Birth-Day: By Mr. Pope.*

OH! be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
Long Life! long Health! long Pleasure! and a
Friend,

Not with those Toys, the Women—World admire,
Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire;
Let Joy and Ease, let Affluence and Content,
And the glad Conscience of a Life well spent,
Calm every Thought, and spirit every Grace,
Glow in thy Heart, and sparkle in thy Face.
Let Day improve on Day, and Year on Year,
Without a Sigh, a Trouble, or a Tear.
And, oh! when Death shall that fair Face destroy,
Die by some sudden Extacy of Joy:
In some soft Dream, may thy mild Soul remove,
And be thy latest Gasps a Sigh of Love.



The Peasant in Search of his Heifer.

By Mr. Congreve.

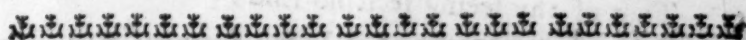
IT so befel — a silly Swain,
Had sought his Heifer long in vain;
For wanton she had frisking stray'd,
And left the Lawn, to seek the Shade.

Around the Plain he rolls his Eyes,
 Then to the Wood in Haste he hies,
 Where singling out the fairest Tree,
 He climbs, in Hopes to hear or see.
 Anon there chanc'd that Way to pass
 A jolly Lad and buxom Lads :
 The Place was apt, the Pastime pleasant,
 Occasion with her Forelock present :
 The Girl a-gog, the Gallant ready,
 So lightly down he lays my Lady ;
 But so she turn'd, or so was laid,
 That she some certain Charms display'd,
 Which with such Wonder struck his Sight,
 With Wonder much, more with Delight ;
 That loud he cry'd, in Rapture, What !
 What see I, Gods ! what see I not ?
 But nothing nam'd, from whence 'tis guess'd,
 'Twas more than well could be express'd.
 The Clown aloft, who lent an Ear,
 Straight stopt him short in mid Career,
 And louder cry'd, Ho ! honest Friend,
 That of thy seeing seest no End ;
 Do'st see the Heifer that I seek ?
 If do'st, pray be so good to speak.



On Dr. BULL.

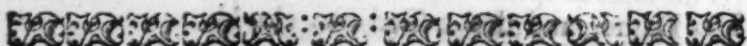
AS ov'er the *Hellespont* Great *Jove*,
 In Form of *Bull*, once bore his Love;
 So Dr. *Bull*, ov'er *Wisbeach* River,
 Convey'd his charming *Jenny Diver*.
 The Heathen *Bull* Divine enjoy'd
 His Dame, and tho' a God was cloy'd.
 And having Beast-like done the Rape,
 Turn'd all Divine, and dropt his Shape.
 The Christian courted *Jane* with Honour,
 With Rites and Ceremonies won her.
 Call'd Her his Dear, made Her his Wife,
 Engag'd to be her *Bull* for Life,
 And run his Neck into a Noose
 All his Theology can't loose.
 O *Jenny*! gently sooth thy *Bull*,
 Tho' his Divinity grows dull,
 And, like *Europa*, safe to fail,
 Hold by his Horns, and steer his Tail.



An EPIGRAM.

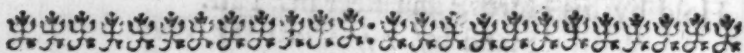
A Noncon Parson preaching in a Pulpit,
 As Players to their Audience in a full Pit,
 Espy'd a Man with Snuff-Box in his Hand,
 Offer a Pinch to One that was his Friend.

At which the Canting Toper being offended,
 Before the Sentence in his Mouth was ended.
 He bawl'd, Pray, Gentlemen, consider where,
 Not in an Ale-house, but God's House you are.
 To whom the Gentlemen reply'd, No!
 Parsons to th' Alehouse, we to Taverns go.



Another.

AN Epigram—— by a School-Boy writ,
 The Pedant Old surveys;
 And, as his Wisdom thought most fit,
 His Stick across Him lays;
 The Student felt his Noddle bleed,
 And mumbling, answer'd this;
 My Epigram——is bad indeed,
 But your A-Cross——stick's worse.



*Wrote Extempore; A Burlesque on
 the fine Lady's Life; by Mr. Le-
 veridge.*

WHAT tho' they call me *Sober Afs*,
 I plainly see it in my Glass,
 That for a Drunkard I might pass:
 O cou'd I see the Day.

Wou'd Drawers but attened my Call;
 In Parlour, Kitchen, or in Hall;
 I'd knock down those I drank withal,
 With a Stand by, — Clear the Way:

Surrounded by a Jovial Crew
 Of Lords and Dukes, and God knows who,
 Who seldom speak one Word that's true;

O cou'd I see the Day:
 I'd drink what e'er the House affords,
 And laugh, but never take their Words,
 And make 'em all as drunk as Lords,
 With a Stand by, — Clear the Way.

And then full Glafs of generous Wine,
 I'll take alone, with pure Design,
 The Face of *Bacchus* to outshine;

Oh! could I see the Day:
 And when the Conquest I had won,
 I'd mount the Chariot of the Sun,
 To shew the World what I had done;
 With a Stand by, — Clear the Way.



An Epilogical Song for Penelope.

I Now no more shall grieve,
 Since *Uly's* 'scap'd the Pack,
 And cou'd that *Circe* leave,
 To come to his *Pene* back,

That *Frow* I own I fear'd,
 Had won his wand'ring Heart;
 From *Holland's* Gin I've heard
 'Tis woundy hard to part.

Wench, wipe off all old Scores,
 And bid the Bells all ring.
 Sure *Hopkins* owes me more
 That e'er he ow'd the King:
 Send in a good Sir Loyn,
 All of the fattest Beef.
 I'll pay in ready Coin,
 And *Doll* shall have her Thief,

Oh, *Tommy*, Measure take
 Of Him for a new Suit,
 As good as Hands can make,
 And see you nimbly do't:
 Thus may each faithful Heart
 By Heav'n rewarded be,
 That ever play'd its Part,
 As I've done *Mine* for *Thee*.



An Epigram on Tobacco.

MUCH Meat does Gluttony produce,
 And makes a Man a Swine,
 But he's a temperate Man indeed,
 That on a Leaf can dine.

He needs no Napkin for his Hands;
 His Fingers Ends to wipe,
 That keeps his Kitchen in his Box,
 And Roast Meat in a Pipe.



An EPIGRAM.

FIVE Hundred Pounds! too small a Boon,
 To put a Poet's Muse in Tune,
 That nothing may escape her;
 Shou'd she attempt th' Heroick Story
 Of the illustrious *Churchill's* Glory,
 It scarce wou'd buy the Paper.



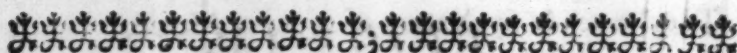
EPIGRAM.

WHEN *Mapp* at the Play her Presence did afford,
 On one Side *Taylor* sat, on th' other *Ward*;
 When their mock Persons of the *Drama* came,
 Both *Ward* and *Taylor* thought it hurt their Fame;
 Wonder'd how *Mapp* cou'd in such Humour be,
 Zounds, crys the Manly Dame, it hurts not me,
 Quacks, without Art, may either Blind or Kill,
 But Demonstration shews that Mine is Skill.

*By Mr. Cowley, on a Fly settling on
his Cup.*

BUfy, curious, thirsty Fly,
Could'st thou drink, and drink as I,
Welcome freely to my Cup,
Cou'd'st thou sip and sip it up;
For make the most of Life you may,
Life is short, and wears away,

Both alike, both Thine and Mine,
Hastens quick to their Decline?
Your's is a Summer, mine no more,
Tho' repeated to Threescore;
Threescore Summers, when they're gone,
They will appear as short as one.



*Epitaph on a young Lady, by Richard
Savage, Esq;*

CLos'd are those Eyes, that beam'd seraphick Fire,
Cold is that Breast, which gave the World
Desire,
Mute is the Voice, where winning Softness warm'd,
Where Music melted, and where Wisdom charm'd.

And

And lively Wit, which decently confin'd,
 No Prude e'er thought impure, no Friend unkind.
 Cou'd modest Knowledge, fair, untrifling Youth,
 Persuasive Reason, and endearing Truth;
 Cou'd Honour, shown in Friendships most refin'd,
 And Sense that shields th' attempted, virtuous Mind,
 The social Temper, never known to Strife,
 The height'ning Graces, that embellish Life;
 Cou'd these have e'er the Darts of Death defy'd,
 Never——ah! never had *Melinda* dy'd!
 Nor can she die—ev'n now survives her Name,
 Immortaliz'd by Friendship, Love, and Fame.



On a CHILD.

Peculiar Blessings bear the shortest Date,
 And wond'rous Births early resign to Fate;
 They're made by Nature of superior Mould,
 Of too refin'd a Substance to grow old.



An EPITAPH.

HERE *Chloe* lies,
 Whose once bright Eyes
 Set all the World on Fire;
 And not to be
 Ungrateful, she
 Did all the World admire.

Another.

Virtue and Beauty here doth lie,
 Her Sex's sole Epitome ;
 They must have Music, all the Arts,
 Judgment to use, or want her Parts,
 When such vanish, then what can save
 The most Ingenious from the Grave.

*Another.*

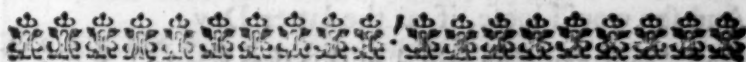
SEE how the Just, the Virtuous, and the Strong,
 The Beautiful, the Innocent, the Young,
 Here in promiscuous Dust together lie,
 Reflect on this, depart, and learn to die.



*Epitaph on the Monument of the Mar-
 quis of Winchester : By Mr. Dryden.*

HE who, in impious Times, undaunted stood,
 And, 'midst Rebellion, durst be just and good ;
 Whose Arms asserted, and whose Suff'rings more
 Confirm'd the Cause, for which he fought before,
 Rests here rewarded by an Heavenly Prince,
 For what his Earthly could not recompence.
 Pray (Reader) that such Times no more appear,
 Or, if they happen, learn true Honour here.

Ark of thy Age's Faith and Loyalty,
 Which (to preserve 'em) Heav'n confin'd in Thee,
 Few Subjects could a King like thine deserve,
 And fewer such a King so well cou'd serve.
 Blest King ! blest Subject, whose exalted State
 By Suff'rings rose, and gave the Law to Fate :
 Such Souls are rare, but mighty Patterns given
 To Earth, were meant for Ornaments to Heaven.



Upon a Country Sexton.

HERE lies old *Sare*, worn out with Care,
 Who Whilome toll'd the Bell ;
 Cou'd dig a Grave, or set a Stave,
 And say *Amen* full well.

For Sacred Song, he'd *Hopkins'* Tongue,
 And *Sternhold's* eke also ;
 With Cough and Hem, he stood by them
 As far's his Word would go.

Th' Worms have lost their good old Host,
 Who them full often fed ;
 For he is gone, with Skin and Bone,
 To starve 'em now he's dead.

Here, take his Spade, and use his Trade,
 Since he is out of Breath ;
 Cover the Bones of him, who once
 Wrought Journey-work with Death.

*Epitaph, by John Dryden, Esq; on a
young Lady's Tomb at Bath.*

Below this Marble Monument is laid
 All that Heav'n wants of this Celestial Maid;
 Preserve, O sacred Tomb, thy Trust consign'd,
 The Mould was made on Purpose for the Mind;
 And she would loose, if at the latter Day,
 One Atom could be mix'd with other Clay;
 Such were the Features of her Heavenly Face,
 Her Limbs were form'd with such harmonious Grace;
 So faultless was the Frame, as if the Whole
 Had been an Emanation of the Soul;
 Which her own inward Symmetry reveal'd,
 And like a Picture shone in Glass amell'd;
 Or, like the Sun eclips'd with shaded Light,
 Too piercing else, to be sustain'd by Sight.
 Each Thought was visible that roll'd within,
 As thro' a Chrystal Case the figur'd Hours are seen:
 And Heav'n did this transparent Veil provide,
 Because she had no guilty Thought to hide.
 All White, a Virgin Saint, she sought the Skies,
 For Marriage, tho' it sullies not, it dies.
 High tho' her Wit, yet humble was her Mind,
 As if she cou'd not, or she wou'd not find,
 How much her Worth transcended all her Kind.
 Yet she had learn'd so much of Heav'n below,
 That when arriv'd, she scarce had more to know;

But

But only to refresh the former Hint,
 And read her Maker in a fairer Print.
 So pious, as she had not Time to spare
 For human Thoughts, but was confin'd to Pray'r.
 Yet in such Charities she pass'd the Day,
 'Twas wond'rous how she found an Hour to pray.
 A Soul so calm, it knows no Ebbs, nor Flows,
 Which Passion could not cure, nor discompose.
 A Female Softness, with a Manly Mind,
 A Daughter dutiful, and a Sister kind,
 In Sicknes patient, and in Death resign'd.



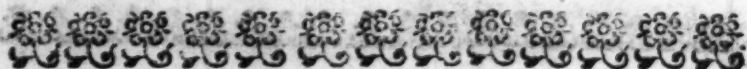
Another.

'T' Hrough all the World thrives Villany and Woe,
 But Happiness and I are lodg'd below ;
 My Hands hew'd out this Rock into a Cell,
 Where, free from Din of Life, I safely dwell ;
 On *Jacob's* Pillow nightly lay my Head,
 My House now living, and my Grave when dead :
 Inscribe upon it, when it turns my Tomb,
I liv'd and dy'd within my Mother's Womb.



Epitaph on Dundee.

O Last and best of *Scots* ! who did'st maintain
 Thy Country's Freedom, from a Foreign Reign ;
 New People fill the Land, now thou art gone,
 New Gods the Temples, and new Kings the Throne.
Scotland and Thou did in each other live,
 Thou wou'd'st not Her, nor cou'd She survive :
 Farewel, who living did'st support the State,
 And cou'd'st not fall, but with thy Country's Fate.

*A Whitechapple Epitaph.*

H^Ere lies honest *Stephen*, with *Mary* his Bride,
 Who merrily liv'd, and as chearfully died ;
 They laugh'd, and they lov'd, and drank while they
 were able,
 But now they are forc'd to knock under the Table :
 This Marble, which formerly serv'd em to drink on,
 Now covers their Bodies ; a sad Thing to think on !
 So that do what we can to moisten our Clay,
 'Twill one Day be Ashes, and moulder away.



Epitaph on a Talkative old Maid.

BENEATH this silent Stone is laid
 A noisy, antiquated Maid,
 Who, from her Cradle, talk'd 'till Death,
 And ne'er before was out of Breath :
 Whether she's gone, we cannot tell,
 For, if she talks not, she's in Hell ;
 If she's in Heaven, she's there unblest,
 Because she hates a Place of Rest.



*In Memory of William Bird, aged
 Four Years and a Half.*

ONE charming *Bird* to Paradise is flown,
 Yet are we not of Comfort quite bereft,
 Since of this fair Brood is still our own,
 And still to cheer our drooping Soul is left ;
 This stays with us, whilst that his Flight doth take,
 That Earth and Skies may one sweet Concert make,



*On Shakespear's Tomb at Stratford
upon Avon.*

GOOD Friend, for *Jesus* Sake, forbear
To dig the Dust enclosed here :
Blessed be the Man that spares these Stones,
And cursed be he that moves my Bones.

Under his BUST.

IVDICIO PYLIVM, GENIO SOCRA-
TEM, ARTE MARONEM, TERRA
TEGIT, POPULUS MÆRIT,
OLYMPVS HABET.

STAY, Passenger ; why go'st thou by so fast ?
Read, if thou can'st, whom envious Death has
plac'd
Within this Tomb ; *Shakespear* ; with whom
Quick Nature died, whose Name doth deck this
Tomb
Far more than Cost : Sith all that he hath writ,
Leaves living Art, but Page to show his Wit.

Obiit Anno Dom. 1616.

Ætatis 53, Die 23 Aprilis.

The Beaux Dream.

I Dream'd, when buried by my Fellow Clay,
 Close by a common Beggar's Side I lay;
 At which so mean an Object shook my Pride,
 And like a Corpse of Consequence I cry'd,
 Scoundrel, begone; and henceforth touch me not,
 More Manners learn, and at a Distance rot.
 Scoundrel! then with a haughty Tone, cry'd He!
 Proud Lump of Dust, I scorn thy Words and Thee,
 We all are equal here, the Cause is Mine,
 This is my Rotting-Place, and That is Thine.

*The COMPLAINT.*

NO Joy I in these peaceful Shades can find,
 Their Gloom adds Sorrow to my tortur'd Mind;
 Their flow'ry Borders seem no longer sweet,
 And the gay Birds in vain their Songs repeat.
 That Brook, which o'er the Pebbles murmurs by,
 I with my Tears continually supply:
 And when the sparkling Stars I chance to see,
 Ask, If there is not one a Friend to me?
 But, cruel as they are, they all conspire,
 To curse my Being with a hopeless Fire;
 And doom me thus in Absence to deplore
 The Loss of every Joy I knew before;

For thus secluded from the Sight of Thee,
 The Universe is all a Blank to me.
 Yet I with Patience will my Lot endure,
 'Till Death to all my Grief shall bring a Cure;
 For in a Region far above the Skies,
 A Realm of Joys, and endless Pleasure lyes;
 Those happy Climes my drooping Soul will cheer,
 And yield that Peace which is deny'd me here.



*The Judgment of Apollo, on the Con-
 troversy between Mr. Pope and Mr.
 Theobald.*

IN *Pope's* Melodious Verse, the Graces smile,
 In *Theobald* is display'd sagacious Toil;
 The Critick's Joy still crowns his subtle Brow,
 While in *Pope's* Numbers Wit and Music flow:
 These Bards, (so Fortune wills) were mortal Foes,
 And all *Parnassus* in their Quarrel rose;
 This the dire Cause of their unbounded Rage,
 Who best could blanch dark *Shakespear's* blotted Page.
Apollo heard, and weigh'd each Party's Plea,
 Then thus pronounc'd th' immutable Decree;
 " *Theobald*, 'tis thine to shew what *Shakespear* writ;
 " But *Pope* shall reign Supreme in Poesy and Wit.



An EPIGRAM.

HOW vain, Sir Knight, is they affected Rage,
 That Thou and *Woolsey*, in the self same Page,
 Stand charg'd alike! — Th' Cardinal, 'tis true,
 Had many publick Vices, so have you.
 But He had Virtue, as his Foes agree;
 Which thy Friends own, are wanting all in Thee.
 Tho' proud, corrupt, ambitious, and severe,
 Still to the Muse he lent a gracious Ear;
 Learned Himself, to Learning was a Friend,
 Himself adorn'd with Arts, did Arts extend.
 Whilst all thy Knowledge is confin'd to Gain,
 To Funds and Stocks, and Bribes, thy Country's
 Bane;
 His Publick Spirit lives in *Christ Church* Dome,
 Thy Charity *begins*, and *ends*, at Home.



To a Lady, on her incomparable Poems.

WHEN dress'd in Laurel Wreaths you shine,
 And tune your soft melodious Notes;
 You seem a Sister of the Nine,
 Or *Phæbus* self in Petticoats.

I fancy when your Song you sing,
 You sing your Song with so much Art,
 Your Pen was pluck'd from *Cupid's* Wing,
 For, Oh! it wounds me like a Dart.

An EPILOGUE.

TIS an Opinion that has stood the Test,
 These many Ages, That short Things are best;
 As for Example, short Taxes, short Wars,
 In Wives short Lives; short Sermons, and short Pray'rs:
 In all good Things, Shortness more Good supposes,
 Except short Commons, and I think short Noses;
 Therefore, to prove you've one good Thing to Day,
 You've a short Epilogue, to a short Play.



*A SONG, sung by Mr. Yarrow, in the
 the Character of Serjeant Kite.*

Some boast of *Alexander*, and some of *Hercules*,
 Of *Hector* and *Lysander*, and some such Scrubs
 as these.

But all the World acknowledges true Courage most
 appears,

In rub, dub, dub — We *British* Granadiers.

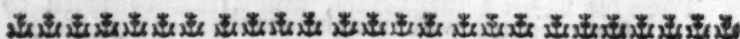
Those Scrubs that were call'd Heroes, ne'er knew
 a Cannon Ball,

Nor knew the Force of Powder, to kill their Foes
 withal,

Our braver Boys do shew it, and banish all their Fears,
 In rub, dub, dub — We *British* Granadiers.

Thus on a Heap lay pil'd ; there the Brandy Bottle,
Here the Child.—

Great *Montezuma* hir'd an humble Hack,
And He that grasp'd the World bestrid a Pack :
Great *Oroonoko* from his Privy Purse,
Cou'd not afford *Imoinda* poor a Horse :
Young *Ammon*, staying late behind the rest,
Was in great Danger too of being prest.
But Faith it would have made the Greatest laugh,
To see the Truncheon knuckle to the Staff.
Thus, on the Road, no more but common Men,
Once got to *Ludlow*, then all Kings again.



The CAUTION.

Foolish Women, fly Mens Charms,
Fly their Cringing, fly their Arms ;
For shou'd you by Chance comply,
'Tis not they, but you must die.

Men with Pleasure soon are cloy'd,
And forsake you when enjoy'd ;
Strive their winning Arts to shun,
If you slight them, they're undone.

When their Hearts you over-power,
Be wisely coy, 'till the blest Hour
Of the Matrimonial Noose,
Then false Men you may abuse.

The Vanity of Riches.

Could Gold immortalize a Man,
 Or stretch his Days beyond their Span ;
 Cou'd it retain our parting Breath,
 Or blunt the pointed Sting of Death,
 I'd cringe, I'd write, I'd fawn, I'd pray,
 All Parties favour, all obey,
 To raise vast Treasures of the precious Clay.

But since these Toys, these glittering Baits,
 These little Arts, these hateful Cheats ;
 Since all their Stores will nought avail,
 When drooping Nature once does fail,
 Why all this Clutter, why this Pain ?
 Why all this Sweating still in vain ?
 For great Preferments, and a gaudy Train.

Death makes the Bays, the Robe, the Gown,
 To lay their fading Honours down ;
 Nor can their Bribes make him relent,
 Or their impending Fate prevent.
 Then since these mighty Men and I,
 The Rich, the Poor, and all must die,
 Why should I heap up Wealth, O tell me why ?



The DECLAIMER.

Woman, thoughtless, giddy Creature,
Laughing, idle, fluttering Thing :
Most fantastic Work of Nature,
Still like Fancy on the Wing.

Slave to every changing Passion,
Loving, Hating, in Extream ;
Fond of every foolish Fashion,
And, at best, a pleasing Dream.

Lovely Trifle ! dear Illusion !
 Conquering Weakness ! wish'd for Pain !
 Man's chief Glory and Confusion,
 Of all Vanity most vain.

Thus deriding Beauty's Pow'r,
Bevil call'd it all a Cheat ;
 But in less than Half an Hour,
 Kneel'd and whin'd at *Calia's* Feet.



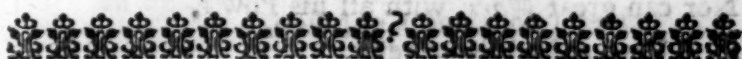
To a Young Lady weeping.

BEhold the skilful Artift's Hand
Controul our Passions at Command;
And with a single Note impart
Or Pain, or Pleasure to the Heart.

Or, what e'en Contradiſtion ſeems,
Blend and unite theſe two Extremes;
And, by a ſadly pleaſing Strain,
Gives us, at once, both Joy and Pain.

Thus while with Tears, o'erflow thine Eyes,
While that dear Boſom heaves with Sighs;
Between two different Paſſions toſt,
I know not which controuls me moſt.

Who ſees that Face in Grief appear,
Nor drops a ſympathetick Tear;
Yet ſtill our Joys juſt Balance keep,
Bleſ'd in thy Preſence, who can weep.



The Paſſionate Lover.

PHILLIS, talk no more of Paſſion,
Words alone want Power to move;
She that flies a fair Occaſion,
Never ſhould pretend to love.

Honour, which ſo oft you boaſt on,
Love poſſeſſing once your Mind,
Only is a vain Pretenſion,
Women uſe who won't be kind.



To CÆLIA, drest as a Beau.

CÆLIA, thou Fairest of the Fair,
Those Eyes such pointed Arrows bear,
To dart Defiance round:

Thus to go arm'd in you is vain,
Whose very Frown, or cold Disdain,
Can kill without a Wound.

Then be not, *Calia*, thus disgrac'd,
Let Swords on fitter Limbs be plac'd;
From such rough Arts desist.

Unarmed you can conquer more,
Nor can great *Mars*, with all his Pow'r,
Your naked Force resist.



*The Pleasantness of May, describ'd by
Mr. Dryden.*

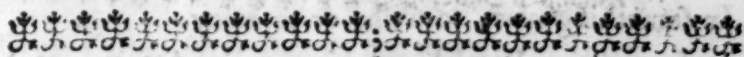
FOR thee, sweet Month, the Groves green
Liv'ries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the Year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing Hours,
And Nature's ready Pencil paints the Flowers;
The sprightly *May* commands our Youth to keep,
The Vigils of her Night, and breaks their Sleep.
Each gentle Breast with kindly Warmth she moves,
Inspires new Flames, revives extinguish'd Love.

An Excuse for matching a Kiss.

BE L I N D A, see from yonder Flowers,
 The Bee flies loaded to his Cell ;
 Can you perceive what it devours,
 Are they impair'd in Shew or Smell ?

So, tho' I rob'd you of a Kiss,
 Sweeter than their ambrosial Dew,
 Why are you angry at my Bliss,
 Has it at all impoverish'd you ?

'Tis by this Cunning I contrive,
 In Spite of your unkind Reserve,
 To keep my famish'd Love alive,
 Which you inhumanly wou'd starve.

*A Hue and Cry after a Stray Lover.*

NOble, Generous, Great and Good,
 But never to be understood ;
 Fickle as the Wind, still changing,
 After every Female ranging :
 Panting, trembling, fighting, dying,
 But addicted much to Lying ;
 When the Syren's Songs repeats,
 Equal Measures still it beats ;

Who'er shall wear it, it will smart her,
And whoe'er takes it, takes a *Tartar*.



An Inconstant Man, describ'd by
Mr. Dryden.

A Man so various, that he seem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome ;
Stiff in Opinion, always in the Wrong,
Was every Thing by Starts, and nothing long ;
But in the Courſe of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymiſt, Fidler, Statesman and Buffoon :
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking,
Beſides ten Thouſand Freaks, that dy'd in Thinking.
Bleſt Madman ! who could every Hour employ
In ſomething new, to wiſh, or to enjoy.
In ſquand'ring Wealth was his peculiar Art,
And nothing unrewarded went, except Deſert.



A Prologue design'd to be ſpoke.

Gentles, of old pert Prologues led the Way,
To guide, defend, and uſher in the Play ;
As powder'd Footmen run before the Coach,
And thunder at the Door my Lord's Approach :

But tho' they speak their Entertainments near,
Most Prologues speed like other Bills of Fare;
Seldom the Languid Stomachs they excite,
And oftner pall than please the Appetite.

As for the Play——'tis hardly worth your Care,
This Prologue craves your Mercy for the Play'r;
That is, your Money, for, by *Jove* I swear,
White Gloves and Lodging are confounded dear.

So here are none but Friends, the Truth to own,
Hasp'd in a Coach our Company came down;
But I most shrewdly fear we must depart,

In our own old Original, a — Cart.

With Pride inverted, and Fantastick Power,

We strut the Fancied Monarchs of an Hour.

While Duns, our Emperors and Heroes fear,

And *Cleomenes* starves in earnest here.

The mightiest Kings and Queens we keep in Pay,

Support their Pomp on Eighteen Pence a Day;

Great *Cyrus*, for a Dram, has pawn'd his Coat,

And all our *Cæsars* can't command one Groat.

Our *Scipio's*, *Hannibal's*, and *Pompey's* break,

And *Cleopatra* shifts but once a Week.

To aggravate the Case, we have not one,

Of all the new Refinements of the Town:

No moving Statues, no lewd Harlequins,

No Pastboard Play'rs, no Heroes in Machines.

No Rosin to flash Lightning,—'twou'd exhaust us,

To buy a *Devil*, or a Doctor *Faustus*.

No Windmills, Dragons, Millers, Conjurers,
 To exercise your Eyes, and spare your Ears.
 No Paper Seas, no Thunder from the Skies,
 No Witches to descend, no Stage to rise.
 Scarce one for us the Actors.—— We can set
 Nothing before you, but plain Sense and Wit ;
 A bare downright old *English* Feast,
 Such as True *Britons* only can digest ;
 Such as your Homely Father us'd to love,
 Who only came to hear, and to improve ;
 Humble Content, and pleas'd with what was dress'd,
 When *Otway*, *Lee*, and *Shakespear* rang'd the Feast.



The Cold and Hot Waters at the Bath,
By the D. of W——n.

Reeking I came out of my Mother's Womb,
 Into an ample, large, and spacious Room,
 Where view'd by Hundreds, each standing amaz'd,
 At my strange Birth, and how my Race was rais'd.
 For Feet and Hands, nay ev'n Stumps, I've none,
 Yet when they ope the Door, away I run :
 Ladies esteem and put me to their Lip,
 And hug me close, for Fear that I should slip :
 Now, Ladies, guess, and say what I can be,
 That the Fair Ones love, and the Naked visit me.

A RIDDLE.

WHAT is the Difference between a Nine-Pin Bowl, and a Woman's Breast?

SOLUTION.

THE One may affect a Man's Noddle,
The Other his Heart ;

But on profounder Contemplation,

I do conceive th' Interpretation

Of your hard Bowl, and tender Breast,

To be more amply thus exprest :

To raise a Middle Pin, the Breast is known,

The Bowl, a Middle Pin to tumble down.



*Sir W ——— Y ———g, on his being
turn'd out of Kensington Gardens, by
the D. of B ———d, who remained with
the D. of Lo ———n.*

THUS *Adam* went, when from the Garden driven,

And thus disputed Orders sent from Heav'n ;

Like him I go, but to depart am loath,

Like him I go, for Angels drive us both.

Hard was his Fate ; but mine was more unkind,

His *Eve* went with him, but mine staid behind.

By John G——y, Esq;

AS in the Cool of early Day,
A Poet sought the Sweets of *May*;
The Gardens fragrant Breath ascends,
And every Stalk with Odour bends.
A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing as the Muse inspir'd.

O Rose! my *Cloe's* Bosom grace,
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd Place,
With never fading Love.
There, *Phœnix* like, beneath her Eye,
Involv'd in Fragrance burn and die.

Know, hapless Flower, if thou shalt find
More fragrant Roses there,
I see thy wither'd Head reclin'd
With Envy and Despair.
One common Fate we both must prove,
You die with Envy, I with Love.



On PLEASURE.

TH E beauteous Scene of aged Mountains,
Smiling Vallies, murmuring Fountains;
Lambs in Flow'ry Pastures bleating,
Eccho our Complaints repeating.

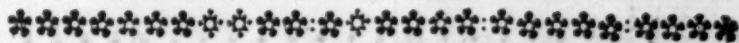
Bees with busy Sounds delighting,
Groves to gentle Sleep inviting ;
Whispering Winds, the Poplars courting,
Swains in Rustic Circles sporting :
Birds in chearful Notes expressing,
Nature's Bounty, and their Blessing :
These afford a lasting Pleasure,
Without Guilt, and without Measure.



On the Marriage of an Old Maid.

CHLOE, a Coquet in her Prime,
The vainest, ficklest Thing alive,
Behold the strange Effects of Time,
Marries and doats at Forty-five.

Thus Weather-Cocks, who for a while,
Have turn'd about with ev'ry Blast ;
Grown old, and destitute of Oil,
Rust to a Point, and fix at last.



ODE on Solitude, by Mr. Pope.

HAppy the Man, whose Wish and Care
A few paternal Acres bound,
Content to breathe his native Air
In his own Ground,

Whose Herds with Milk, whose Fields with Bread,
 Whose Flocks supply him with Attire,
 Whose Trees in Summer yield him Shade,
 In Winter Fire.

Blest who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, Days, and Years slide swift away,
 In Health of Body, Peace of Mind,
 Quiet by Day :

Sound Sleep by Night, Study and Ease
 Together mix'd ; sweet Recreation
 And Innocence, which most does please,
 With Meditation.

Thus let me live, unheard, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die ;
 Steal from the World, and not a Stone
 Tell where I lie.



By a Person of Quality.

COSMELIA's Charms inspire my Lays,
 Who fair in Nature's Scorn,
 Blooms in the Winter of her Days,
 Like Glassenbury Thorn.

Cosmelia's cruel at Fourſcore,
 As Bards in Tragick Plays;
 Four Acts of Life paſs guiltleſs o'er,
 But in the Fifth ſhe ſlays.

If e'er impatient for the Blifs,
 Within her Arms I fall;
 The pleaſter'd Fair returns the Kiſs
 Like *Thiſbe*, thro' a Wall.

*Spoke by the E. of Rocheſter, extem-
 pore, to a Pariſh Clerk.*

S*Ternhold* and *Hopkins* had great Qualms,
 When they translated *David's* Pſalms,
 To make the Heart full glad;
 Now, had it been poor *David's* Fate,
 To hear Thee ſing, and Them tranſlate,
 By *Jove*, it had made Him mad.

Rhime to Liſbon, by the ſame Hand.

HERE'S a Health to *Kate*,
 Our Sovereign's Mate,
 Of the Royal Houſe of *Liſbon*,
 The D——l take *Hide*,
 And the Biſhop beſide,
 That made Her Bone His Bone.

Epigram on a Golden Medal.

OUR Guard upon the Royal Side,
 On the Reverse our Beauty's Pride;
 Here we discern the Frown and Smile,
 The Force and Glory of our Isle:
 In the rich Medal, both so like
 Immortals stand, it seems antique,
 Carv'd by some Master, when the cold
 Greeks made their Jove descend in Gold,
 And Danae wond'ring at that Shower,
 Which falling, storm'd their Brazen Tower,
 Britannia there, the Fort in vain,
 Had batter'd been with Golden Rain;
 Thunder itself had fail'd to pass;
 Virtue's a stronger Guard than Brass.

*Epitaph on a Gentleman and his Son.*

THIS peaceful Tomb does now contain
 Father and Son together laid;
 Whose living Virtues shall remain
 When they and this are quite decay'd.

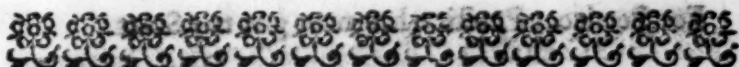
What Man cou'd be to Ripeness grown,
 And finish'd Worth cou'd do, or shun,
 At full was in the Father shown,
 What Youth cou'd promise in the Son.

But Death obdurate both destroy'd,
 The perfect Fruit, and opening Bud ;
 First seiz'd these Sweets we had enjoy'd,
 Then robb'd us of the coming Good.



On Sir Francis Drake.

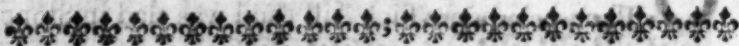
WHERE *Drake* first found, there last he lost his
 Fame,
 And for his Tomb left nothing but his Name ;
 His Body's buried under some great Wave,
 The Sea that was his Glory, is his Grave :
 Of him no Man true Epitaph can make,
 For who can say, Here lies *Sir Francis Drake* ?



PHILIP's Resolution.

WHEN Slaves their Liberty require,
 They hope no more to gain ;
 But you not only that desire,
 But like the Power to reign.
 Think how unjust a Suit you make,
 Then you will soon decline ;
 Your Freedom, when you please, pray take,
 But trespass not on mine.

No more in vain, *Alcander* crave,
 I ne'er will grant the Thing,
 That He, who once has been my Slave,
 Should ever be my King.



A S O N G.

YOU Surgeons of *London*, who puzzle your Pates,
 To ride in your Coaches, and purchase Estates;
 Give over for Shame, for your Pride has a Fall,
 And the Doctress of *Epsom* has out-done you all.

Derry down, &c.

What signifies Learning, or going to School,
 When a Woman can do, without Reason or Rule;
 Who puts you to a *Non-plus*, and baffles your Art,
 For Petticoat Practice has now got the Start.

Derry down, &c.

In Physick, as well as in Fashions, we find,
 The Newest has always its Run with Mankind;
 Forgot is the Bustle about *Taylor* and *Ward*,
 Now *Mapp's* all the Cry, and her Fame's on Record.

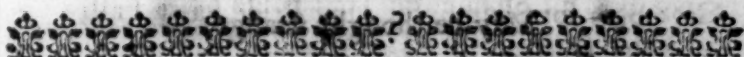
Derry down, &c.

Dame Nature has given her a Doctor's Degree,
 She gets all the Patients, and pockets the Fee;
 So if you don't instantly prove her a Cheat,
 She'll loll in her Chariot, whilst you walk the Street.

Derry down, &c.

On Ben. Johnson's Bust, with the Buttons on the wrong Side.

O Rare *Ben. Johnson*! what a Turn-coat grown?
 Thou ne'er were such 'till thou was clad in Stone;
 When Time thy Coat, thy only Coat impairs,
 Thou'lt find a Patron in an Hundred Years;
 Let not then this Mistake disturb thy Sp'rit,
 Another Age shall set thy Buttons right.



In Memory of Capt. Thomas Chevers.

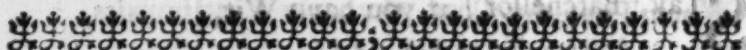
R eader, consider well how poor a Span,
 And how uncertain is the Life of Man;
 Here lie the Husband, Wife, and Child, by Death,
 All Three, in five Days Time, depriv'd of Breath.
 The Child dies first, the Mother on the Morrow
 Follows; and then the Father dies with Sorrow.
 A *Cæsar* falls by many Wounds, well may
 Two Stabs at Heart the stoutest Captain slay.



In Memory of John Wight.

R eader, thou may'st forbear to put thine Eyes
 To Charge for Tears, to mourn these Obsequies;

Such charitable Drops wou'd best be giv'n
 To those who late or never come to Heav'n.
 But here you would, by weeping on this Dust,
 Allay his Happiness with thy Mistrust;
 Whose pious Closing of his youthful Years,
 Deserves thy Imitation, not thy Tears.



In Memory of Mary Angel.

TO say an *Angel* here doth lye,
 May be thought strange,
 For *Angels* never die;
 Indeed some fell from Heav'n to Hell,
 Are lost, and rise no more;
 This only fell by Death, and rise to Earth,
 Not lost, but gone before.
 Her Dust lodg'd here,
 Her Soul perfect in Grace,
 'Mongst Saints and Angels
 Hath took its Place.



On John Rose, late Chief Gardener to King Charles II.

ON Earth He truly liv'd old *Adam's* Heir,
 In tilling it with sweating Pains and Care;
 And, by God's Blessing, such Increase did find;
 As serv'd to please his gracious Master's Mind;

Thence, Settle like, He to Recanting fell,
 Of all He wrote, or fancied to be well ;
 Thus purg'd from Good, and thus prepar'd for Evil,
 He fac'd to *Rome*, and march'd off to the Devil.



Epitaph by Shakespear.

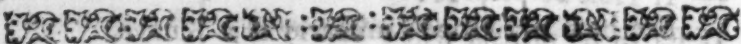
TEN in the Hundred,
 Lies here Ingrav'd ;

'Tis an Hundred to Ten,

That his Soul is not sav'd :

If any one asks who lies in this Tomb,

O, ho ! Quoth the Devil, 'tis my *John o' Comb*.



*On Two Twin Sisters, who died at the
 same Time, and buried in one Grave.*

FAIR Marble, tell to future Days,
 That here two Virgin Sisters lie,

Whose Life employ'd each Tongue in Praise,

Whose Death gave Tears to every Eye :

In Stature, Beauty, Years and Fame,

Together as they grew they shone ;

So much alike, so much the same,

That Death mistook 'em both for one.



An EPITAPH.

HIC jacet Plus, plus non est Hic,
Plus & non plus, quomodo sic?

English'd.

HERE lies *More*, no more is *He*,
More and no more, how can that be?

Coleman's Epitaph.

IF Heav'n be pleas'd when Sinners cease to sin,
If Hell be pleas'd when Souls are damn'd therein;
If Earth be pleas'd when 'tis rid of a Knave,
Then all are pleas'd, for *Coleman's* in his Grave.

On Miss Fenton, on her playing Polly.

WHILE *Polly* charms the present Age,
And *Venus's* Train the Fair surrounds;

Autumnal *Oldfield* broils with Rage,

And rugged *Porter* grimly frowns,

To the soft Flute *Booth* trips in vain,

Nor longer draws the applauding Throng,

Even pretty *Younger's* Comic Strain,

Yields with the Rest to *Polly's* Song.

The Sixth Night.

WHEN the pack'd Audience from their Posts
retir'd,

And *Julius* in a gen'ral Hiss expir'd ;
Sage *Booth* to *Cibber* cry'd, Compute our Gains,
These Dogs of *Egypt*, and their Dowdy Queens,
But ill requite these Habits and those Scenes.
To rob *Corneille* for such a motly Piece,
His Geese were Swans, but, Z——ds,
Thy Swans are Geese——
Rubbing his firm invulnerable Brow,
The Bard reply'd, the Criticks must allow,
'Twas ne'er in *Cæsar's* Destiny to run :
Wilks bow'd, and blest'd the gay pacifick Pun.

*The Mad DOG.*

WHEN once too potent Flesh and Blood,
Gain Empire o'er frail Woman's Soul ;
What Confessor can do her Good ?

What Art the dear Disease controul ?
Soon as her Fancy learns to stray,
Where Love's soft Extacy invites,
Back she but seldom finds her way,
Or wants Excuse for what delights.

By Mr. E. D. Extempore.

WITH *Celia's* Locks, while wanton Zephyrs
play,

Pleas'd with the cooling Breeze, the Nymph is gay ;
Bar'd by the Winds, her beauteous Neck inspires,
My burning Breast with Love's tumultuous Fires ;
From the same Cause, the Effects shou'd be the same,
Why then is *Celia* cool, and I on Flame ?



An Epigram on the prosperous Reigns
of Queen Elizabeth and Queen
Anne.

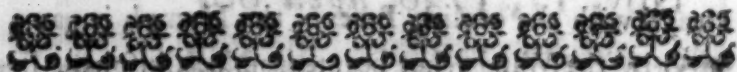
SURE Heav'n's unerring Voice decreed of old,
The fairest Sex shou'd *Europe's* Ballance hold ;
As great *Eliza's* Force once humbled *Spain*,
So *France* now stoops to *Anne's* superior Reign :
Thus, tho' proud *Jove* with Thunder fills the Sky,
Yet in *Astrea's* Hand the fatal Scale does lie.



On setting up Mr. Butler's Monument
in Westminster-Abbey.

WHILE *Butler*, needy Wretch ! was still alive,
No gen'rous Patron wou'd a Dinner give ;

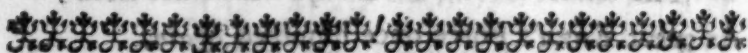
See him, when starv'd to Death, and turn'd to Dust,
 Presented with a Monumental Bust;
 The Poet's Fate is here in Emblem shown,
 He ask'd for Bread, and he receiv'd a Stone.



An EPIGRAM.

CRIES *Calia* to a Reverend Dean,
 What Reason can be given,
 Since Marriage is a holy Thing,
 That there is none in Heav'n?

There are no Women, he reply'd;
 She quick return'd the Jest;
 Women there are, but, I'm afraid,
 You cannot find a Priest.



On Tom Durfey.

HERE lies the *Lyric*, who with Tale and Song,
 Did Life to Threescore Years and Ten prolong;
 His Tale was pleasant, and his Song was sweet,
 His Heart was cheerful—but his Thirst was great:
 Grieve, Reader, grieve! that he, too soon grown old,
 His Song has ended, and his Tale has told.

On John Sprong, Master-Carpenter to
the late Lord Chancellor KING,
at Oakham in Surry, who died
Nov. 17, 1736, aged 60.

FELL'D by Death's surer Hatchet, here lies
Sprong,

Who many a sturdy Oak has laid along ;
Posts oft he made, yet ne'er a Place could get,
And liv'd by Railing, tho' he was no Wit :
Old Saws he had, altho' no Antiquarian,
And Stiles corrected, yet was no Grammarian ;
Long liv'd he *Oakham's* premier Architect,
And, lasting as his Fame, a Tomb to erect.
In vain we seek an Artist such as he,
Where Pales and Gates were from Eternity ;
So here he rests from all Life's Toils and Follies,
O spare, kind Heav'n, his Fellow-labour'r * *Hollies*!

* Bricklayer to his Lordship.



An Epilogue spoken by Miss Robinson.

WITH grateful, humble Heart (devoid of Fear)
I'm come to own my Debt of Duty here ;
For my poor Merit never can repay
Your generous Favours on this Annual Day :

The Great! the Good! make Infant. Worth their
Care,

(For blooming Merit must be nourish'd there);

Preserv'd by you! — a young Performer's Aim

May with the Foremost vie, and rise to Fame;

So tender Plants the Artist's Care demand;

And grow, supported by his friendly Hand.

May this bright Circle still assert my Cause,

Smiles, from fair Judges, is refin'd Applause;

Fir'd with such Praise! my Soul elated springs,

And mounts exulting, on Ambition's Wings!

My daring Heart! no trifling Fears alarm,

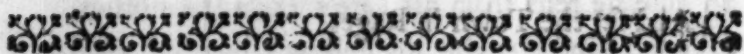
I would like *Oldfield* act, like *Oldfield* charm;

But since I want her Height, her graceful Arts,

In the soft Dance — I'll swim into your Hearts;

There would I live; thus ever honour'd there,

And to deserve — shall be my future Care.



Upon Colley Cib—r, Esq;

AH! hah! Sir *Coll*, is that the way,

Thy own dull Praise to write?

And would'st thou stand so sure a Lay?

No! that's too stale a Bite.

Nature and Art in thee combine,

Thy Talents here excel;

All shining Brass thou dost out-shine,

To play the Cheat so well,

Who sees thee in *Iago's* Part,

But thinks thee such a Rogue,
And is not glad, with all his Heart,
To hang so sad a Dog?

When *Bays* thou play'st, thy self thou art,

For that by Nature fit,
No Blockhead better suits the Part,
Than such a Coxcomb Wit.

In *Wronghead* too, thy Brains we see,

Who might do well at Plough;
As fit for Parliament was he,
As for the Laurel thou.

Bring thy protected Verse to Court,

And try it on the Stage,
There will it make much better Sport,

And set the Town in Rage.

There Beaux, and Wits, and Cits, and Smarts,

(Where Hissing's not uncivil)

Will shew their Parts, to thy Deserts,

And send it to the Devil.

But, oh! in vain 'gainst thee we write,

In vain thy Verse we maul,

Our sharpest Satyr's thy Delight,

For, * Blood! thou'lt stand them all!

* Epilogue to the Nonjuror,

Thunder, 'tis said, the Laurel spares,

Nought but thy Brow could blast it,
And yet ! O curs'd, provoking Stars !

Thy Comfort is, thou hast it.



On a Lady in Mourning.

THUS for the *Alps*, whose Heads are crown'd
with Snow,

Foil'd by the dusky Clouds that shade its Brow ;

Thus artful Limners shew the pictur'd Strife,

When Light and Shade do give the Canvas Life ;

Thus gloomy Jet, which polish'd Iv'ry shows,

And leafy Shades produce the blushing Rose ;

Thus sparkling Jewels darksome Caskets shroud,

And thus — the Sun peeps out beneath a Cloud ;

Belinda thus, when she in Black appears,

Seems better'd by the sable Garb she wears.



Complaint against TIME.

WHY, envious Time, will you fly so fast ?

When I'm from her, you never make such
Haste ;

When I'm with her, then Hours but Minutes are,

But when from her, then ev'ry Hour's a Year ;

You have no Rule, you never equal go,

But always are too fast, or too slow.

On seeing Cynthia at Church.

SURE Heav'n will be propitious to our Pray'rs;

When Angels join with us to offer theirs:

Almighty *Jove* will lend a list'ning Ear,

When *Cynthia* does become Petitioner:

The Words she utters reach above the Skies,

And calms the Rage of angry Deities,

When beauteous Charms are with Devotion join'd,

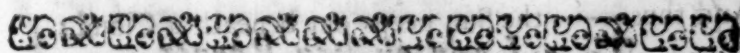
The Gods relent, and prove no more unkind;

They with the Offering delighted are,

When 'tis presented by a Hand so fair;

Nor will reject our humble Sacrifice,

While such an Angel at the Altar lies.



The VISIT.

IWent to see my Dear, but she

No sooner saw my Face,

Than in Disdain she turn'd away,

And left me in amaze.

I follow'd, ask'd her what might be

The Cause she us'd me so?

She look'd upon me sullenly,

And, pouting, bid me go.

Pox take your jilting Tricks, said I;
 Have I this Scorn deserv'd?
 Have I done ought? If not, then why
 Am I thus basely serv'd?

All in a Rage, I curs'd and swore,
 To turn my Love to Hate,
 Resolv'd that I wou'd never more
 Come near the base Ingrate.

At that she cast a tempting Smile,
 And shew'd me such new Charms,
 I stood to think upon't a while,
 Then fled into her Arms.



To a Lady on her Parrot.

WHEN Nymphs were coy, and Love could not
 prevail,

The Gods, disguis'd, were seldom known to fail:
Leda was chaste, but yet a feather'd *Jove*
 Surpris'd the Fair, and taught her how to love;
 There's no Celestial but his Heav'n would quit,
 For any Form which might to thee admit.
 See how the wanton Bird, at every Glance,
 Swells his glad Plumes, and feels an amorous Trance;
 The Queen of Beauty has forsook the Dove,
 Henceforth Parrot be the Bird of Love.

The Agreeable preferr'd to Beauty.

BEauty to th' Agreeable must give way,

Experience shews it every Day;

The Agreeable insensibly delights,

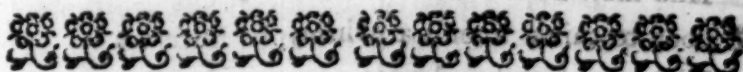
And constantly ; the other but by Flights ;

The Force of Beauty often Man withstands,

The Agreeable surprizingly commands.

Were I with a describing Talent blest'd,

Th' Agreeable cou'd not then be express'd.



The ADVICE.

YE happy Swains, whose Hearts are free

From Love's imperial Chain,

Take Warning, and be taught by me,

To avoid the enchanting Plain.

Fatal the Wolves to trembling Flocks,

Fierce Winds to Blossoms prove,

To careless Seamen hidden Rocks,

To human Quiet, Love.

Fly the Fair Sex, if Bliss you prize,

The Snake's beneath the Flow'r ;

Who ever gaz'd on beauteous Eyes,

That tasted Quiet more ;

How faithless is the Lover's Joy!

How constant is his Care!

The Kind, with Falshood, to destroy,

The Cruel, with Despair.

*Address'd to a Lady who was his
Mistress.*

DEAR Life, dear Angel, your too charming
Dear,

You call me, Words too sweet to be sincere;

Actions do far the fairest Words exceed,

To thrive, we must not on a Shadow feed;

Continue chaste, submissive to my Will,

I cannot then of you think any Ill;

Actions will shew your Heart and Tongue agree,

In loving only, and sincerely, Me.

*The Way to be successful in our Love
to Women.*

WHO wou'd, in Love to Women, gain his Point,
Must not be slack, but quickly full upon't;

The first Impressions he must strictly heed,

Which in their Hearts strike deepest; nor indeed

Must he allow them any Time to think;

That would spoil all, and make his Cause to sink:

Great's their Vivacity, their Foresight short,
 Best then to nick them, and not long to court :
 Let the first Hurry of their Passions go,
 The Lover will be baulk'd, and nothing do.



The COMPARISON.

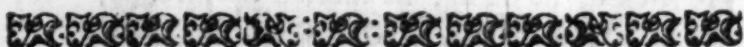
CUPID, the flyest Rogue alive,
 One Day was plundering of a Hive ;
 But as, with a too eager Haste,
 He strove the liquid Sweets to taste,
 A Bee surpriz'd the heedless Boy,
 Prick'd him, and dash'd th' expected Joy :
 Th' Urchin, when he felt the Smart
 Of th' envenom'd, angry Dart,
 He kick'd, he flung, he spurn'd the Ground,
 He blow'd, and then he chaff'd the Wound ;
 He blow'd, and chaff'd the Wound in vain,
 The Rubbing still encreas'd the Pain :
 Straight to his Mother's Lap he flies,
 With swol'n Cheeks, and blubber'd Eyes.
 Cries she, What does my *Cupid* ail ?
 When thus he told his mournful Tale :
 A little Bird, they call'd a Bee,
 With yellow Wings, see, Mother ! see !
 How it has gor'd, and wounded me.
 And are not you, reply'd the Mother,
 For all the World, just such another ?

Just such another angry Thing,
 Like in Bulk, and like in Sting;
 For when you aim your pointed Dart,
 At some poor unwary Heart,
 How little is the Archer found,
 And yet how wide, how deep the Wound!



By Mr. Mountfort.

CÆLIA was coy, and hard to win,
 With artful Cunning play'd the Virgin's Part;
 But when she once had try'd the Sin,
 She hugg'd the charming, tingling Dart;
 Cry'd, Nearer, Dearest, to my Heart,
 Thou'rt Lord of all within.



On the Stage, by Mr. Savage.

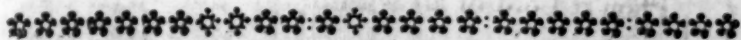
THE Stage, as all Things, Nature's Laws obey,
 When once Perfection comes, must feel Decay;
 How long has Fate o'er one great Master hung,
 Unerv'd his Action, and untun'd his Tongue;
 While she, whose various Loss we all deplore,
 Who charm'd all Eyes! all Ears! now charms no
 more;
 While others, tho' still sanguine in the Chace,
 See the wish'd Goal, yet almost fear the Race:

Deign to indulge some young Performer's Aim,
 Whose Seeds of Fire may kindle into Flame;
 Call'd forth by you, may to your Children shine,
 And save an Art, now seeming to decline.



An EPIGRAM.

Nature's chief Gifts unequally are carv'd,
 It surfeits some, while many more are starv'd;
 Her Bread, her Wine, her Gold, and what before
 Was common Good, is now made private Store;
 Nothing that's good we have among us common,
 But all enjoy the common Ill — a Woman.



By Hen. Stonecastle, Esq;

I'M High-Church, nor Low-Church, nor Tory,
 nor Whig,
 Nor flutt'ring young Coxcomb, nor formal old Prig;
 I can laugh at a Jest, if not told out of Time,
 And excuse a Mistake, tho' not flatter a Crime:
 Unbias'd, I view Things around, as they pass,
 Nor squint at the Great thro' a black'ning Glass;
 The Faults of my Friends I wou'd scorn to expose,
 And detest private Scandal, tho' cast on my Foes;
 I put none to the Blush, upon any Pretence,
 For Immodesty shocks both good Breeding and Sense;

No Man's Person I hate, tho' his Conduct I blame,
 I can censure a Crime, without naming a Name ;
 To amend, not expose, is the Will of my Mind,
 But Reproof must be lost, if Ill-nature is join'd :
 When Merit appears, tho' in Rags, I respect it,
 And will plead Virtue's Cause, tho' the World shou'd
 reject it ;

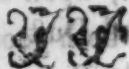
Cool Reason I bow to, where ever 'tis found,
 And rejoice when true Learning with Honour is
 crown'd ;

No Party I serve, in no Quarrel I join,
 Nor damn the Opinion that differs from mine ;
 No Corruption I screen, tho' no Treason I sing,
 I'm a Friend to my Country, yet true to my King.



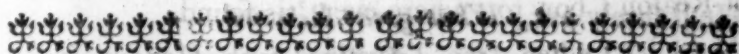
An EPITAPH.

TO this sad Shrine, who e'er thou art, draw near,
 If ever Son, if ever Friend was dear,
 Here lies the Youth, who ne'er his Friend decoy'd,
 Or gave his Father Grief, but when he dy'd.
 How vain is Reason ! Eloquence how weak !
 When *Pope* must tell what *Harcourt* cannot speak ?
 Let then thy once lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,
 And, with thy Father's Sorrow, mix his own.



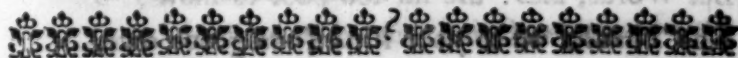
Extempore.

HALF cloath'd, and dirty does the Miser go,
 Behung with useleſs Ornaments the Beau :
 Plain, warm, and clean, the Man of Senſe we find,
 Dreſs ſhews the Strength, and Weakneſs of the Mind.



On the Death of Queen Mary.

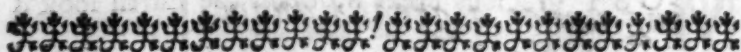
MOST gracious Heav'n, upon the Earth look'd
 down,
 And juſtly claim'd *Maria* as its own,
 Saw us unworthy of the Royal Pair,
 Yet kindly left the glorious *William* here ;
 Thus Heav'n and Earth do in the Bleſſings ſhare ;
 He makes the Earth, ſhe Heav'n, our great Allies ;
 And, tho' we mourn, ſhe for our Comfort dies ;
 Nor need we fear the raſh, preſumptuous Foe,
 Whiſt ſhe's our Saint above, and he our King below.



On Mr. CONGREVE.

WHEN that the wounded Marble tells
 Where *Congreve's* ſilent Remnant dwells ;
 And o'er this ſacred, kindred Duſt,
 The artful Sculptor forms the Buſt ;

Inscrib'd to him, whose deathless Song
 Was smoothly nervous, sweet, and strong.
And is it He? the Standers by,
Astonish'd, with Surprise, will cry,
Can so much Wit and Learning die?
 Shou'd any Stranger be so near,
 As Congreve's happy Name to hear,
 He'll surely ask, *What great Reward*
A Learned Albion gave the Bard?
Why Congreve had—what had He?—Praise!
 Shadwell, and Eusden, *wore the Bays.*

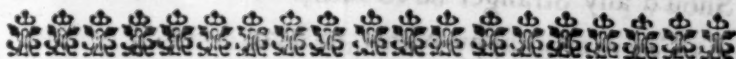


*The following Epilogue, written by
 Mr. Carey, was spoke by Mr. Cib-
 ber, junior, 1729.*

IF Language cou'd our grateful Thoughts express,
 Those Thoughts should want not for poetick
 Drefs;

But Words, alas! are far too poor to show
 The Thanks we to your kind Indulgence owe,
 Who've Merit made of our Desire to please,
 Wink'd at our Faults, and rais'd us by Degrees;
 Encouragement, the very Life of Art,
 Stirs up the active Mind, and fires the Heart,
 From small Beginnings makes th' Industrious mend,
 And struggle, 'till Perfection crowns the End.

Accept our humble Thanks for Favours past,
 And give us Hopes, to think 'em not the last :
 In Pity pardon what has been amiss,
 Another Year may mend the Faults of this ;
 And, if hereafter we deserve Applause,
 Be yours the Praise, whose Goodness was the Cause.



To LEWIS XIV. *King of France,*
on his extravagant Rejoicings, at
the same Time his Kingdom labour-
ing under a great Famine.

HONOUR in Sieges, or in Battles carv'd,
 Is but ill Food to People, almost starv'd :
 Thy Subjects, *Lewis*, wou'd be more pleas'd with
 Bread,
 Than still with thy vain Victories to be fed :
 Tell famish'd Families of Honour,
 They'll thank you for a Rye Loaf sooner.
 Indeed in Blood thou'st glutted thy own Fame,
 With four Years Conquest to exalt thy Name ;
 While thy poor Subjects still can nothing boast,
 But rousing Bonfires, without Boil'd or Roast.



An EPITAPH.

Algernon Sidney fills this Tomb,

An Atheist by disclaiming *Rome*;

A Rebel bold, by striving still

To keep the Laws above the Will;

And hind'ring those wou'd pull 'em down,

To leave no Limits to a Crown;

Crimes damn'd by Church and Government,

O, whither must his Soul be sent?

Of Heaven it must needs despair,

If that the Pope be Turn-key there:

And Hell can ne'er it entertain,

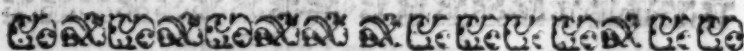
For there is all Tyrannic Reign;

And Purgatory's such Pretence,

As ne'er deceiv'd a Man of Sense:

Where goes it then?—where't ought to go,

Where Pope and Devil have nought to do.



*On the Old Bust, with a sour Air, on
Mr. Dryden's Monument.*

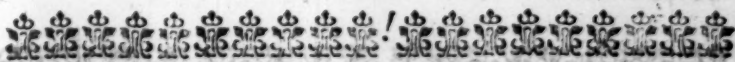
*AT Dryden's Tomb, inscrib'd with SH—'s
Name,*

That Mite, slow offer'd, to establish Fame!

Fill'd with raw Wonder, *Tyre* stopt to gaze,

And bless'd his bounteous Grace—in kind Amaze.

'The Guardian Genius, from the sacred Dust,
 Re-kindling upward, wak'd the quick'ning Bust;
 Glowing from ev'ry awful Feature — broke
 Disdainful Life — and thus the Marble spoke:
 Teach thy blind Love of Honesty to see,
 'Tis not my Monument, tho' built on me:
 Great Peers, 'tis known, can in Oblivion lie,
 But no great Poet has the Power to die.
 At cheap Expence, behold engrafted Fame!
 The tack'd Associate of a Buoyant Name:
 The pompous Crafts one lucky Lord shall save,
 And *Sh—d* borrow Life from *Dryden's* Grave.
 'Twas said — and e're the short Sensation dy'd,
 The stiff'ning Marble wreath'd its Form aside,
 Back from the Titled Waste of mould'ring State
 He turn'd — neglectful of the Court, too late!
 And sadly conscious of mispointed Praise,
 Frowns thro' the Stone, and shrinks beneath his Bays.



On Mr. SPENCER.

AT *Delphos'* Shrine, one did a Doubt propound,
 Which by the Oracle must be releas'd;
 Whether of Poets were the best renown'd,
 Those that survive, or they that are deceas'd?
 The Gods made Answer, by divine Suggestion,
 While *Spencer* is alive, it is no Question.

And pleas'd his Honour — in kind Amaze

On SHAKESPEAR.

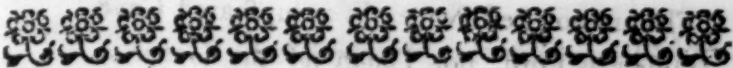
R Enowned *Spencer*, lie a Thought more nigh
 To learned *Chaucer*, and rare *Beaumont* lie
 A little nearer, *Spencer*, to make Room
 For *Shakespear* in the threefold, fourfold Tomb ;
 To lodge all four in one Bed, make a-shift
 Until *Doom's-Day* ; for hardly will a fifth
 Betwixt this Day and that, by Fates be slain,
 For whom your Curtains may be drawn again :
 If your Precedency in Death do bar
 A fourth Place in your sacred Sepulchre,
 Under this sacred Marble of thine own,
 Sleep, rare Tragedian, *Shakespear* ! sleep alone :
 Thy unmolested Peace, in an unshared Cave
 Possess as Lord, not Tenant of thy Grave ;
 That unto us, and others, it may be
 Honour hereafter, to be laid by Thee.



On the Death of Lady Betty Mansel.

R eader, attend ; and, if thine Eye let fall
 A silent Tear, confess it Nature's Call ;
 Consign'd to God, from whom the Blessing came,
 Here lies the precious Reliques of that Fame ;
 Which, when inform'd with Life, attractive shin'd
 With all we wish, or hope, in Womankind ;

These different Attributes of chaste and fair,
 (When join'd, how lovely ! but, alas ! how rare !)
 With Charms united, did in her combine,
 Her Sex was Female, but her Soul divine :
 Virtue, Discretion, and a graceful Ease,
 (For sure in her 'twas natural to please)
 Adorn'd her Manners in each Sphere of Life,
 The Daughter, Friend, the Sister, and the Wife.
 This Treasure lost, what Tongue can tell the Smart
 Her mourning Parents feel, and ev'ry Kindred Heart ?
 But chiefly his, whose faithful Bosom prov'd
 The soft Endearments of his Soul Belov'd :
 Yet mourn not, Youth, the Lot to either given,
 You've liv'd in Paradise, she dwells in Heaven.



On a young Gentleman.

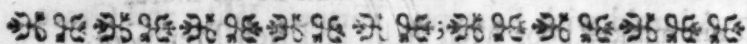
OF Gentle Blood, his Parents only Treasure,
 Their lasting Sorrow, and their vanish'd Plea-
 sure ;
 Adorn'd with Features, Virtues, Wit, and Grace,
 A large Provision for so short a Race !
 More mod'rate Gifts might have prolong'd his Date,
 Too early fitted for a better State.
 But knowing Heaven his Home, to shun Delay,
 He leap'd o'er Age, and took the shortest Way.

On a young Lady.

HERE Sweetness lies, and Innocence, whose
 Breath
 Was stopt by early, not untimely Death ;
 She's gone to Rest, just as she did begin,
 Sorrow to know, before she knew to sin.
 Death, that doth Sin, and Sorrow to prevent,
 It is a Blessing to a Life well spent.

*Millington's Epitaph, the famous Auctioneer.*

UNderneath this Marble Stone
 Lies the famous *Millington* ;
 A Man, who through the World did steer,
 I'th' Station of an Auctioneer ;
 A Man, with wond'rous Sense and Wisdom blest'd,
 His whole Qualities are not to be express'd.

*Translated from Martial.*

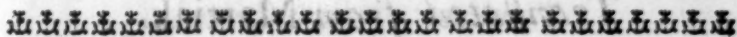
IN all thy Humours, whether grave, or mellow,
 Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant Fellow,
 Hast so much Wit, and Mirth, and Spleen about thee,
 There is no living with thee, nor without thee.

Michael Draiton's *Epitaph.*

DO, pious Marble, let thy Readers know
 What they, and what thy Children owe
 To *Draiton's* Name; whose sacred Dust
 We recommend unto thy Trust:
 Protect his Memory, and preserve his Story,
 Remain a lasting Monument of Glory:
 And when thy Ruins shall disclaim
 To be the Treasurer of thy Name;
 His Name that cannot fade shall be
 An everlasting Monument to Thee,

*On TIME.*

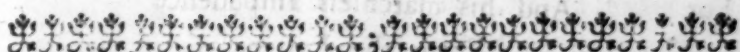
TIME darks the Sky, Time brings the Day,
 Time glads the Heart, Time puffs all Joys away:
 Time builds a City, and o'erthrows a Nation,
 Time writes a Story of their Desolation:
 Time hath a Time, when it shall be no more,
 Time makes poor Men rich, and rich Men poor.

*An Epitaph, by Dr. Arbuthnot.*

HERE lieth the Body of Colonel
 Don FRANCISCO,
 Who with an inflexible Constancy,

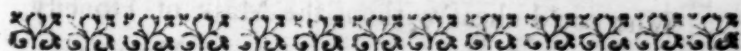
And inimitable Uniformity of Life,
 Persisted, in Spight of Age, and Infirmary,
 In the Practice of every human Vice,
 Excepting Prodigality and Hypocrisy ;
 His insatiable Avarice
 Exempting Him from the First,
 And his matchless Impudence
 From the Latter.
 Nor was He more singular
 In that undeviating Viciousness,
 Than successful in accumulating Wealth,
 Having, without Trust of Public
 Money, Bribe, worthy Service, Trade, or Profession,
 Acquired, or rather created,
 A Ministerial Estate.
 Among the Singularities of his Life and Fortune,
 Be it likewise commemorated,
 That He was the only Person in his Time,
 Who cou'd cheat without the Mask of Honesty,
 Who cou'd retain his primævial Meanness,
 After being possess'd of 10,000 Pounds a Year ;
 And who having done every Day of his Life
 Something worthy of a Gibbet, was
 Once condemn'd to one for what he had not done.
 Think not, indignant Reader,
 His Life useless to Mankind,
 Providence
 Favour'd, or rather conniv'd at
 His execrable Designs,
 That He might remain

To this and future Ages,
 A conspicuous Proof and Example of how small
 Estimation exorbitant Wealth is held in the
 Sight of the Almighty, by his bestow-
 ing it on the most unworthy of
 all the Descendants of *Adam*.



On Six Sorts of People who keep Fasts.

THE Miser fasts, because he will not eat,
 The poor Man fasts, because he has no Meat;
 The rich Man fasts, with greedy Mind to spare,
 The Glutton fasts, to eat the greater Share;
 The Hypocrite he fasts, to seem more holy,
 The Righteous Man, to punish sinful Folly.

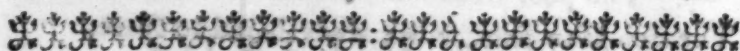


On MARRIAGE.

AS *Damon*, who had hardly sped
 In Wedlock's heavy Chains,
 His tender Flock with *Thyrsis* fed
 Upon the smiling Plains,
 Thus to the Youth, the Sage exclaim'd,
 And the curs'd Hour, in which he marry'd, damn'd.

Wou'd'st thou, my Friend, in Pleasure live,
 Nor thy Repose destroy ;
 Wou'd'st thou the Bliss, that Youth can give,
 Without Remorse enjoy ;
 Oh ! shun that fatal Rock —— a Wife,
 That galls thy Days with endless Plagues and Strife.

For when, at last, you have attain'd
 The great mysterious Bliss,
 When you have that strange Something gain'd,
 And find how fleeting 'tis,
 You'll curse the fond, and amorous Heat,
 And find out quickly who's the greatest Cheat.



On CHLOE *Mask'd.*

THAT stately, lovely, charming Shade,
 So gracefully does move,
 'Tis *Venus*, sure, in Masquerade,
 Descended from above.

From ev'ry Part such Graces shine,
 Her gay, majestic Air,
 And Motion, speak her all divine,
 It is some heavenly Fair.

Yet, sure, that Form before I've seen,
 That moves so smooth along,
 That comely Shape, and Angel's Mein,
 To *Chloe* does belong.

Chloe, in vain you thus conceal
 Your Lustre from your Eyes,
 Your beauteous Charms your self reveal,
 In spite of the Disguise.

The splendid Sun does gild the Cloud
 That hides its glorious Light,
 And tho' you all your Beauties shroud,
 They still appear in Sight.



To the Beautiful MIRANDA.

THE bright *Miranda* is the Nymph I prize,
 The best regarded Treasure of my Eyes;
 The grateful Theme of ev'ry Thought by Day,
 The Charm to chase intruding Cares away;
 By Night, the pleasing Prospect of my Dreams,
 My Guide in Storms, my Anchor in Extreame.

As oft as to our dazzled Sense you rise,
 A Thousand Hearts are vanquish'd by your Eyes;
 For while on your resistless Charms we gaze,
 Darkness appears on every other Face:
 Your numerous Trophies own their fatal Might,
 And none escape unwounded from your Sight.



The FAVOURITE.

IN *Sylvia* every Grace,
 And every Charm is seen,
 An Angel in her Face,
 A Goddess in her Mien.

By Nature form'd to reign,
 While all, who see, obey,
 By Vows besieg'd, in vain,
 She keeps her Sovereign Sway.

No Arts her Soul can move,
 But chaste, as she is fair,
 While her bright Eyes dart Love,
 Her Virtue gives Despair.

'Midst Stars that deck the Night,
 The Moon's refulgent Ball,
 Thus moves with fairer Light,
 Lov'd and admir'd by all.



The Distress'd Lover.

PITY, or Innocence, or Death's Decree,
 From Chains of State, may set the Pris'ner free;
 The Charms of Beauty more relentless prove,
 There's no Enlargement from the Chains of Love.

The Disappointment.

IN Sleep dissolv'd, upon my Bed,
 I lay one silent Night,
 When a deceitful Dream convey'd
 This Vision to my Sight.

Methought I saw my lovely Maid,
 And free from all Disguise;
 A Softness in her Looks she had,
 And Passion in her Eyes.

With eager Joy I quickly fled,
 And clasp'd her in my Arms,
 With Kisses on her Lips I fed,
 And run o'er all her Charms.

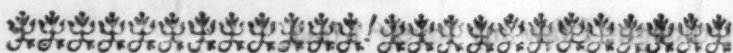
When as I, with too eager Haste,
 Pursu'd my lovely Prize,
 Waking, the Phantom vanish'd straight
 From my deluded Eyes.

Thus, when *Ixion* thought to embrace
 Great *Jove's* immortal Dame,
 A fleeting Cloud, put in her Place,
 Dash'd his presumptuous Flame.



BEN. JOHNSON.

U^Nderneath this Stone doth lie
 As much Virtue as cou'd die ;
 Which, when alive, did Vigour give
 To as much Beauty as could live.

*On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke.*

U^Nderneath this Marble Hearse
 Lies the Subject of all Verse ;
 Sidney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother,
 Death, e're thou hast kill'd another
 Fair and Learn'd, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a Dart at thee.



*An Epitaph on Margaret Scot, at
 Dunkeld in Scotland, Febr. 26,
 1728.*

S^TOP, Passenger, until my Life you read,
 The Living may get Knowledge of the Dead ;
 Five times five Years, I led a Virgin's Life ;
 Five times five Years, I was a virtuous Wife ;
 Ten times five Years, I liv'd a Widow chaste ;
 Now, tired with this Mortal Life, I rest.

Between my Cradle, and my Grave, hath been
 Eight mighty Kings of *Scotland*, and a Queen ;
 Four times five Years, a Commonwealth I saw ;
 Ten times the Subjects rose against the Law ;
 Twice did I see old Prelacy pull'd down ;
 And twice the Cloak was humbled by the Gown.
 An End of *Stuart's* Race — I say no more ;
 I saw my Country sold for *English* Oar :
 Such dismal Scenes in my Time hath been,
 I have an End of all Perfection seen.



On the Death of a Lady's Dog.

THOU, happy Creature ! art secure
 From all the Trouble we endure ;
 Despair, Ambition, Jealousy,
 Lost Friends, nor Love disquiet thee :
 A sullen Prudence drew thee hence,
 From Noise, Fraud, and Impertinence ;
 Tho' Life essay'd the surest Will,
 Gilding itself with *Laura's* Smile ;
 How did'st thou scorn Life's meaner Chains ?
 Thou, who cou'd'st break thro' *Laura's* Arms :
 Poor Cynick ! still, methinks, I hear
 Thy awful Murmurs in my Ear ;
 As when on *Laura's* Lap you lay,
 Chiding the worthless Crowd away :
 How fondly human Passions turn !
 What then we envy'd, now we mourn.

An EPIGRAM.

AN elderly Lady, whose bulky, squat Figure,
By Hoop, and White Damask, was render'd
much bigger ;

Without Hood, and bare-neck'd, to the Park did re-
pair,

To shew her new Cloaths, and to take the fresh Air ;

Her Shape, her Attire, rais'd a Shout and a Laughter,

Away waddles Madam, the Mob hurries after :

Quoth a Wag then, observing the noisy Crowd follow,

As she came with a Hoop, she's gone with a Hollow.



*Prologue to the Spanish Fryar, spoke
by Mr. Yarrow.*

TO fire the generous Soul in Virtue's Cause,
And make the willing World obey her Laws ;

To raise your Passions, and command your Tears,

For this the Tragick Muse in State appears.

Searches long Annals of each by-past Age,

And shews the fiercest Monarchs on the Stage.

To Night a Female Tyrant We shall move,

Tho' made a Tyrant by that Tyrant Love ;

Whene'er Majestick Beauty Poets draw,

The trembling Lover views with distant Awe.

E'er yet the Fair submits to own a Lord,

She's form'd a Goddess, shrin'd, and then ador'd.

The Comic Muse puts on a kinder Air,
 And shews the Foible of the yielding Fair :
 While briskly she pursues the pleasing Task,
 Presenting Nature's Face, without a Mask.
 The Fair One flies, with all her worship'd Charms,
 From sapless Age, to the young Lover's Arms.
 Ev'n Virgin Love delights to be pursu'd,
 And soonest yields, when with most Freedom woo'd.
 Our op'ning Scenes, to instruct and please design'd,
 Have both Ideas in one Plot conjoin'd.
 From whence all Lovers may this Truth derive ;
 Respect with Freedom is Love's Way to thrive.
 Thus pleads our Author's Merits ; but our own,
 We dare not mention, conscious we have none.
 With Criticks we to Night make strict Alliance,
 Tho' much we long to thunder bold Defiance.
 We dread the Searches ev'n of candid Eyes,
 Our last Resort in bounteous Beauty lies :
 To you, Ye Fair, we make our next Address,
 Not that we deem your Strength of Judgment less,
 But your good Nature more ; in youthful Fame
 We our first Tribute from your Candour claim.
 Else she in vain shall spread her Laurel Shade,
 If your strict Censure bid the Verdure fade ;
 But if our young Ambition you approve,
 And graft one *Scion* in her wildest Grove :
 That happy Plant shall with fresh Vigour rise,
 Tho' Envy fill with Blast th' inclement Skies.



An O D E.

AT Midnight, when the Fever rag'd,
By Physick's Art still unasswag'd;
And tortur'd me with Pain.

When most it scorch'd my aching Head,
Like sulph'rous Fire, or liquid Lead,
And hiss'd thro' every Vein.

With silent Steps approaching nigh,
Pale Death stood trembling in my Eye,
And shook th' uplifted Dart;
My Mind did various Thoughts debate
Of this, and of an After-State,
Which terrify'd my Heart.

I thought 'twas hard, in youthful Age,
To quit this fine delightful Stage,
No more to view the Day;
Nor e'er again the Night to spend,
In social Converse with a Friend,
Ingenious, learn'd and gay.

No more in curious Books to read
The Wisdom of the illustrious Dead,
All that is dear to leave;
Relations, Friends; and *Myra* too,
Without one Kiss, one dear Adieu,
To moulder in the Grave.

Incircled with Congenial Clay,
To Worms, and creeping Things a Prey,
To waste, dissolve, and rot ;
To lie wrapt cold within a Shroud,
Mingled amongst the vilest Crowd,
Un-noted, and forgot.

Oh, Horror ! by this Train of Thought,
My Mind was to Distraction brought,
Impossible to tell ;
The Fever rag'd still more without,
Whilst dark Despair, or dismal Doubt,
Made all within me Hell.

At length, with grave, yet chearful Air,
Repentance came serenely fair,
As Summer's Evening Sun ;
At Sight of whom, extatick Joy
Did all that horrid Scene destroy,
And every Fear was gone.

If join'd in Concert with one Voice,
Angels at such a Change rejoice,
I heard their Joy exprest ;
If there be Musick in the Spheres,
That Musick struck my ravish'd Ears,
And charm'd my Soul to Rest.

END of the First Volume.

